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good behaviour, I warrant ye, at the door of a public-house in the town, while they stepped in to take a dhram. An honest pedlar, passing down in the dusk of the evening, stumbled across the bag that lay in the foot path.

"'Hang or dhrown me,' says the man within, 'but the sorra take me, if I marry yer daughter now or evermore, amin.'

"'Mother of mercy,' says t'other, 'what daughter are ye spaking of?'

"'Musha, is that all you know ov it,' says he of the bag; 'you must be a *furriner* in these parts at that rate.'

"So he up and toul't him how Mr. Purcell's daughter fell in love with him, and was mighty sick—how her father, to preserve her life, pinned him, (maning Darby,) an' that he had his choice to dhrown, or marry the dying, love-sick lady.

"'Let me in,' says the pedlar, 'and I'll give you my pack of soft goods into the bargain.'

"'Agreed,' says Darby.

"So whin my jockey got out, he fastened the gad upon the pedlar.

"'There,' says Darby, says he, 'much good may it do ye. Bud it's how I think, it's cowl'd comfort you'll have with the *garran*, after all, I'm afeard.'

"Thin Darby set off with the pack, and the poor pedlar was taken and pitched into the river, though he offered fifty times to marry Miss Purcell; and by the same token, the hole he was dhrowned in is called the 'pedlar's hole' to this day.

"In a year, or thereabouts, afther, whin Darby Dooly had the pack of goods sould, he returns home. It was a fine harvest night like this, and he never stops nor stays till he comes to Mr. Purcell's and taps at his room windy. Mr. Purcell, hearing the rap, gets up with a blunderbush; but whin he sees Darby Dooly, with a little box at his back, standing quite nath'ral on his own two legs, the blunderbush dhrops from his hand, his jaws begin to play a tune, and the cowl'd *prospiration* runs down his face.

"'Heaven an' ayrrh! Darby Dooly,' says he, 'spake, if it's yerself that's there that I dhrowned in the Alloa, or is it yer ghost? Ye war the unloocky man to me—I kilt my wife through yer manes, and I dhrowned yerself—and I suppose that's your ghost that's come to haunt me.'

"'It's all thrue ye say,' says Darby, says he; 'but it all turned out for the betther—I'm now a blessed saint in heaven,' says he, the thief of the world.

"'Have ye any news of the misthress, Darby avourneen?' says he.

"'That's the business that brought me,' says t'other: 'she's purty well, only that she's not clear out o' Purgathory yet. She got lave for me to come for the thrifle of money you have in the desk, to get masses said for her soul; and to warn your honour to prepare for death, for you havn't long on this ayrrh. The money, if you please, and here's the box to put it in.'

"And, sure enough, Darby gothered away the cash; and the warning saized so much on Mr. Purcell's mind that he died in a month. And there's the story of Darby Dooly and his white horse."

An humble and solitary shilling yet lingered in my pocket. It survived the casual expenses of a little tour from which I was now returning, and in which "all its lovely companions were faded and gone," I instinctively slipped the little piece between my fore-finger and thumb to give the cottager in return for his hospitality, when recollecting from experience how the offer of pecuniary recompense upon these occasions insults the Irish peasant, the shilling fell noiseless to its former resting-place. I arose, grasped the hand of my new acquaintance, and pursued homeward my solitary way. E. W.

•• The foregoing is a fair specimen of the description of stories narrated, and implicitly believed, by the peasantry in many districts of our country. Indeed, in many places they have little else to do, than to tell and listen to such tales. We trust that the efforts at present making to impart real knowledge, and to instruct as well as amuse, will have the effect of turning their attention to matters of real utility.

EVENING ON INNISFALLEN,

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ISLAND AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Since soon we'll forget all the joy we are tasting,
And transient the light of e'en memory will grow,
Whilst around thee the wild wave unheeded is hasting,
And lonesome and sad and neglected art thou,

Lovely isle! one last wreath to thy name I'll entwine,
Though unworthy the hand that thy page would adorn,
And I'll sing of the pleasant fields still that are thine,
And the dew-drops that gild thy bright flow'rets at morn.

Though gone are the days when the soft sunny smile
Of the fair maids of Erin yet beamed in thy bowers,
When unscared by the rude hands that wasted their isle,
Fresh garlands they wove of thy sweet native flowers.

Yet the sun that's just set in the water's clear breast,
And in fancy still seems o'er thy woodlands to be,
Never sunk in the arms of the day-closing west,
O'er an island more blooming, more lovely than thee.

Still green are thy pastures and fruitful thy field,
And the trees of thy groves all their blossoms expand,
Still rich are thy flocks, and the offerings they yield
Are unmatched in the pastures of Erin's green land.

Oh! cold must his bosom be, where no devotion
Lights up, as he views the bright landscape around,
And the isles, like the green spots on life's heaving ocean,
Which gem the blue waters thy woodlands that bound.

And those mountains which dark waving forests adorn,
That rise so majestic to catch the first rays
Of the sun, when he looks from his chambers at morn,
And all their bold summits are wrapt in his blaze.

Where range the red deer, to their last covert driven,
Where soars the proud eagle midst thunder and clouds,
His eyrie is fixed on the cliff nearest heaven,
And the dark rolling tempest his young ones enshrouds.

And the eye ne'er beheld a more glorious display
Of the grandeur of Nature o'er all this sweet scene,
Where lake, mountain, and woodland, were joined in array,
And contrasted with these was the island's soft green.

The last light is beaming—the clouds change their hue,
Earth sinks to repose till the morn shall awake,
Stars gem the pure heavens mid the ether's soft blue,
And night spreads her mantle across the still lake.

'Twas a foretaste of bliss—such as heaven hath designed,
In its mercy, to soothe and to soften the heart;
'Twas a feast for the soul, and a calm for the mind,
Which the world and its follies could never impart.

But that sun shall arise, and shine on the morrow,
As cheering, as warm, and as gay as before,
And the clouds still the hues of their beauties shall borrow,
As they wing their wild flight o'er the waterbound shore.

And thus may thy night end—from sorrow awaking,
Restrung be thy harp, and yet heard be the song
Of love, and of joy, and of friendship partaking,
And the music of hope shall its echoes prolong.

ALPHA.

Old Maids.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex, "she has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an "old maid." In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature an "old maid."

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